

D S E



S D E

"TO WAKE THE SOUL BY TENDER STROKES OF ART, — TO RAISE THE GENIUS AND TO MEND THE HEART."

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23, 1805.

PATHETIC.

THE RIVAL BROTHERS.

A MERCHANT of considerable wealth in the West of England was blessed with two sons; it will not be improper to distinguish them by the names of Frederick and Charles. The elder brother Frederick, when very young, was taken from home by an uncle of immense riches, who resided in Italy, and who had, although greatly advanced in years, thought proper to remain in a state of celibacy; consequently, Frederick was considered and intended to be the heir to his fortune and estates. The education Frederick received was extremely liberal; in fact, he was eminently accomplished. At a very early period in life, he discovered a taste for literature, which was blended with a genius of much brilliancy.

Matilda, who is the heroine of the present story, was a young lady of great personal beauty, and under the immediate protection of a guardian who resided very near the father of Frederick. The care and attention which the guardian of Matilda bestowed on her health, morals, and education, was of the most affectionate kind; a great intimacy subsisted between the father of Frederick and the guardian of Matilda; insomuch, that frequent visits took place with each other. Charles, the brother of Frederick, was a youth of promising abilities; the commercial concerns of his father were entirely under his direction. The counting-house was conducted with great regularity; in short, his venerable parent pursued business merely to introduce his son into his extensive connections.

Charles much resembled his brother Frederick in person; his features were marked with the most animated expressions; he was tender, manly, and generous to admiration. Matilda's visits to his father's mansion with her guardian was so frequently repeated, that Charles became enamoured with her beautiful figure and well-informed mind; and Matilda was equally attached to the personal accomplishments of Charles; it may be said they loved each other with mutual affection. The guardian of Matilda highly approved of the intended union

with the son of his friend; the most magnificent preparations for the nuptials were made, and even the wedding-day fixed; when, sad to tell, the lovely and engaging Matilda was deprived of that valuable blessing, health; her melancholy affliction was very near baffling the exertions of the most skilful physicians; her faithful lover Charles was in a state of distraction: however, a fortunate and favorable symptom of the complaint appearing, Matilda began to recover her health, but in so slow a manner that she was advised to take a journey to Italy, purposely, for the complete restoration of her health; consequently her departure was to take place at a very early day. Charles, who had likewise experienced some relief by his fair one's favorable change, came to pay his final visit previous to her absence. The interview was deeply affecting: he presented her with his miniature picture, which she vow'd should be placed next her heart; he saluted and embraced her with great affection, when they both retired in tears. The following day she pursued her tour with her guardian; they arrived in Italy, in perfect safety, and resided at a relation of her guardian's. Matilda's health daily began to be re-established, and in less than a month she was perfectly restored.

An elegant concert and ball being given by a person of considerable rank in Italy, Matilda was presented with a ticket. Accordingly she prepared to honor the invitation with as much splendor as possible. Upon her entering the room she was accosted by a young gentleman, who, in polite terms requested her to accept him as a partner in the dance; to which, from his delicate behavior, she with great good nature consented. During the evening, he was so captivated with her extreme sensibility and personal beauty, that he made overtures of a tender nature to his fair partner. The miniature at first sight, struck the gentleman with great anxiety, fearing he had a rival to encounter. In the course of the evening, the name of her lover, whom she had left on a distant shore, was unfortunately mentioned. Frederick, (brother to Charles,) who was the young gentleman

dancing with her, understood from his uncle, he had a brother of a similar description; his infant years when he left his parents, rendered it impossible for him to remember his brother, which proved to be fatally true. Frederick was for the remainder of the evening agitated beyond imagination; the miniature, said he, that adorns your fair bosom, is, I presume, intended for the gentleman you lately mentioned. She with great sincerity, replied, "It is." He immediately exclaimed, "I am wretched for ever, for we are Rival Brothers." On hearing the last sentence, the distressed Matilda swooned away in a fit, and was taken speechless to the apartments of her guardian, where she lingered a few days, and then expired.

The fatal news was speedily in possession of Frederick, who after dispatching the dismal tidings to his brother Charles, swallowed a draught of poison which terminated his existence; in his dying moments he was heard to exclaim, "Oh Matilda, I die for love of thee."

The letter which Charles received from his brother Frederick, was fatal in its effects; he no sooner perused the contents than he plunged a dagger to his heart.

The unhappy father of Frederick and Charles soon followed his beloved offspring to the silent grave, for excess of grief deprived him of his reason, and in a short period he fell a victim to a broken heart.

HISTORY.

DESTRUCTION OF SUMNAUT.

From Maurice's Modern India.

THE lofty roof of Sumnaut was supported by fifty-six pillars, overlaid with plates of gold, and incrustated at intervals with rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones. One pendant lamp alone illumined the spacious fabric, whose light, reflected back from innumerable jewels, spread a strong and refulgent lustre throughout the whole temple. In the midst stood Sumnaut himself, an idol composed of one entire stone, fifty cubits in height, forty-seven of which were buried in the ground; and, on that spot, according to the Brahmins, he had been worshipped between four and five thousand years, a pe-

riod beyond which, it is remarkable, they seldom venture to ascend; for, it is a period at which their Cali, or present age, commences; it is, in short, the period of that flood, beyond which, human records cannot ascend. His image was washed every morning and evening with fresh water brought from the Ganges, at the distance of twelve hundred miles. Around the dome were dispersed some thousands of images, in gold and silver, of various shapes and dimensions, so that on this spot, as in a grand pantheon, seemed to be assembled all the deities venerated in Hindostan.

After placing a large body of guards at the gates and round the walls, Mahmud entered the city, and approaching the temple was struck with the majestic grandeur of that ancient structure; but, when he entered in and saw the inestimable riches it contained, he was filled with astonishment, mingled with delight. In the fury of Mohammedan zeal he smote off the nose of the idol with a mace which he carried, and ordered the image to be disfigured and broke to pieces. While they were proceeding to obey his command, a croud of Brahmans, frantic at this treatment of their idol, petitioned his omrahs to interfere, and offered some crores in gold, if he would forbear farther to violate the image of their deity. They urged, that the demolition of the idol would not remove idolatry from the walls of Sumnaut, but that such a sum of money, given among believers, would be an action truly meritorious. The sultan acknowledged the truth of their remark, but declared, that he would never become that base character, which a coincidence with their petition would render him, a seller of idols. The persons appointed, therefore, proceeded in their work; and having mutilated the superior parts, broke in pieces the body of the idol, which had been made hollow, and contained an infinite variety of diamonds, rubies, and pearls of a water so pure, and of a magnitude so uncommon, that the beholders were filled with surprise and admiration. This unexpected treasure, with all the other spoil, taken in the temple and city of Sumnaut, were immediately secured, and sent to Gazna; while fragments of the demolished idol were distributed to the several mosques of Mecca, Medina, and Gazna, to be thrown at the threshold of their gates, and trampled upon by devout and zealous mussulmen.

MORAL.

THE SUM OF RELIGION,

Written by Judge Hale, Lord Chief Justice of England, and found in the closet amongst his other papers, after his decease.

HE that fears the LORD of Heaven and Earth, walks humbly before Him, thankfully lays hold of the message of redemption

by JESUS CHRIST, and strives to express his thankfulness by the sincerity of his obedience. He is sorry with all his soul, when he comes short of his duty. He walks watchfully in the denial of himself, and holds no confederacy with any lust, or known sin; if he fails in the least measure, he is restless until he has made his peace by true repentance. He is true to his promises, just in his dealings, charitable to the poor, sincere in his devotion. He will not deliberately dishonor God, although secure of impunity. He has his hopes and his conversation in Heaven, and dares not to do any thing unjustly, be it ever so much his advantage; and all this, because he sees Him that is invisible, and fears Him because he loves him; fears Him as well for his goodness as his greatness. Such a man, whether he be an *Episcopalian* or a *Presbyterian*, an *Independant* or an *Anabaptist*—whether he wears a surplice, or wears none; whether he hears organs, or hears none; whether he kneels at the communion, or for conscience sake, stands or sits; he hath the *Life of Religion* in him; and that life acts in him, and will conform his soul to the image of his SAVIOUR, and go along with him to eternity, notwithstanding his practice or non-practice of things indifferent. On the other side, if a man fears not the eternal GOD, he can commit sin with presumption; drink excessively, swear vainly or falsely, commit adultery, lie, cozen, cheat, break his promise, live loosely, though at the same time he may be studious to practice every ceremony, even to a scrupulous exactness, or may, perhaps, as stubbornly oppose them. Though such an one should cry down bishops or presbytery; though he should be re-baptised every day, or declaim against it as heresy; and though he fast all the Lent, or feast out of pretence of avoiding superstition—yet, notwithstanding these, and a thousand external conformities, or zealous oppositions of them, he wants the *Life of Religion*.

MISCELLANY.

FOR THE HIVE.

Messrs. McDOWELL & GREAR,

A NEW species of *proscription*, (for I can call it nothing else) has appeared in the two last numbers of the HIVE, upon which I wish to make a few remarks, in vindication of myself, and the rest of my proscribed fellow-females. In doing this, I feel much stimulated, because of a confidence of meeting the approbation of the candid and discerning of both sexes. The *proscription*, to which I allude, made its appearance artfully wrapped up in the form of an "enigma," accompanied with a request that it might be solved. A "solution," was accordingly made and published. And what

is the result? Why, it is this, that "*A List of beautiful young Ladies*," as they are called, is sent out to the world, that people might laugh at the vanity of those, whose names are contained in it, for their boasting of so fading a possession as that of a fair complexion. It is a truth, that the human heart is naturally too fond of praise; and this is probably what "ALONZO" calculated upon when he composed his "enigma." But can it be possible, that he could have imagined his awkward attempt to praise would meet our approbation; or did he think us so blind as not to see what was intended.

Oh! dear me, how he would have rejoiced, had he seen, or heard of, any of us swallowing the gilded bait which was thrown out!

It has long ago been observed, that when men cease to flatter, women would cease to be vain; and I sincerely believe the observation is just. I would be glad to see such an experiment tried, because I think it would silence some of the modern declaimers against us, for our "vanity and giddiness," as they term it, and convince the world that women are not always to blame. Let man "pluck the beam out of his own eye," before he attempts to take the mote out of the eye of woman. But, to the point in question—What ALONZO's design was, is best known to himself; yet I will venture to say, it was no other than to avenge himself of some latent affront, he may have met with, by means very unbecoming the dignity of the gentleman. Doubtless the invention of this new mode of proscribing females cost its author much pains, and induced a frequent scratching of the head; yet the *enigma* is as elaborate, as its *solution* is audacious and insulting; and, as such, would be beneath my notice, were it not for the sake of persons, unacquainted with certain circumstances, who might be led to view the Ladies in the ridiculous light of sounding their own praise, by means of some of their petty fopdoodles. Therefore, to remove suspicions of this kind, and make a long story short, let it be known, that the Ladies consider the *enigma*, together with its *solution*, as a glaring *mult*; and that it, and its author, shall be treated accordingly. *One of the Proscribed.*

Jan. 21, 1805.

Generosity and Paternal Feelings of an Indian Chief.

DURING the war in America, a company of Indians attacked a small body of the British troops, and defeated them. As the Indians had greatly the advantage in swiftness of foot, and were eager in the pursuit, very few of the British escaped; and those who fell into their hands, were treated with a cruelty, of which there are not many examples, even in that country.

Two of the Indians came up to a young officer, and attacked him with great fury. As they were armed with battle-axes, he had no hope of escape. But, just at this crisis, another Indian came up, who was advanced in years, and was armed with a bow and arrows. The old man instantly drew his bow; but after having taken his aim at the officer, he suddenly dropped the point of his arrow, and interposed between him and his pursuers, who were about to cut him in pieces. They retired with respect. The old man then took the officer by the hand, soothed him into confidence by caresses, and, having conducted him to his hut, treated him with a kindness which did honor to his profession.

He made him less a slave than a companion: taught him the language of the country; and instructed him in the rude arts that are practised by the inhabitants. They lived together in the most perfect harmony and the young officer, in the treatment he met with, found little to regret, but that sometimes the old man fixed his eyes upon him, and, having regarded him for some minutes, with a steady and silent attention, burst into tears.

In the mean time, the spring returned, and the Indians again took the field. The old man, who was still vigorous, and able to bear the fatigues of war, set out with them, and was accompanied by his prisoner.

They marched upwards of two hundred leagues across the forest, and came at length to a plain, where the British forces were encamped. The old man showed his prisoner the tents at a distance: "There," says he, "are thy countrymen. There is the enemy who wait to give us battle. Remember that I have saved thy life, that I have taught thee to conduct a canoe, to arm thyself with a bow and arrows, and to surprise the deer in the forest. What wast thou when I first took thee to my hut? Thy hands were those of an infant. They could neither procure thee sustenance nor safety. Thy soul was in utter darkness. Thou wast ignorant of every thing. Thou owest all things to me. Wilt thou then go over to thy nation, and take up thy hatchet against us?" The officer replied, "that he would rather lose his own life than take away that of his deliverer." The Indian, bending down his head, and covering his face with both his hands, stood some time silent. Then looking earnestly at his prisoner, he said, in a voice that was at once softened by tenderness and grief; "Hast thou a father?" "My father," said the young man, "was alive when I left my country." "Alas!" said the Indian, "how wretched must he be!" He paused a moment, and then added, "Dost thou know that I have been a father?—I am a father no more.—I saw my son fall in battle.—He fought at my side.—I saw him expire.

—He was covered with wounds when he fell dead at my feet."

He pronounced these words with the utmost vehemence. His body shook with a universal tremor. He was almost stifled with sighs, which he would not suffer to escape him. There was a keen restlessness in his eye; but no tears flowed to his relief. At length he became calm by degrees; and, turning towards the east, where the sun had just risen; "Dost thou see," said he to the young officer, "the beauty of that sky, which sparkles with prevailing day? and hast thou pleasure in the sight?" "Yes," replied the young officer, "I have pleasure in the beauty of so fine a sky." "I have none!" said the Indian, and his tears then found their way.

A few minutes after, he showed the young man a magnolia in full bloom. "Dost thou see that beautiful tree?" said he. "Yes," replied the officer, "I look with pleasure upon that beautiful tree."—"I have no longer any pleasure in looking upon it!" said the Indian hastily; and immediately added; "Go, return to thy father, that he may still have pleasure, when he sees the sun rise in the morning, and the trees blossom in the spring!"

VARIETY.

WITTY EXPEDIENT OF ÆSOP.

ÆSOP, once by his wit, extricated his master from a difficulty, into which the excess of wine had thrown him. Xanthus being at a feast with his disciples, and the wine beginning to mount into his head, he betted, on the proposition of one of them, that he would drink the sea, consenting to forfeit his estate if he did not perform it. He gave his ring in pledge, and the student gave him. The next day having entirely forgot what had happened on the preceding, he was astonished to find that he had not his ring. Æsop having related to him the circumstances, he felt completely mortified and vexed, naturally judging what he had undertaken to perform was a perfect impossibility. In this perplexed affair he had recourse to Æsop, begging him to use all his wit, all his address, all his subtilty, and all his experience, to get him out of this affair, and to recover honorably the pledge which he had given. Æsop conceived this plan, which the philosopher put in practice. When the day arrived for the decision of the wager, all the people of Samos were assembled upon the sea-shore, to see in what manner the philosopher would draw himself out of this embarrassment. The philosopher arrived, and a carpet being spread, and a table covered, he ordered his servants to present him with a cup of water out of the sea, and holding it up in his hands, he asked of his adversary, in a loud voice, what were the terms of the wager?

He answered, that he had engaged "to drink all the water of the sea." Then turning himself to the assembly, he said, "Inhabitants of Samos, you know perfectly well that the rivers and rivulets discharge themselves into the sea, now I engaged to drink the water of the sea only, and not that of all the rivers which run into it, therefore my disciple must first prevent the rivers from running into the sea, and when he shall have done that, I will drink it." This invention entirely succeeded. The scholar threw himself at Xanthus's feet, confessing that he was conquered, and begged him to dissolve the wager, which was readily acceded to, to the satisfaction of all the people, who could not sufficiently admire the readiness of Æsop's wit.

A SHARPER.

IN London we often hear it said, *quick* is the word, and *sharp* is the motion: and hence probably originated the word *sharper*. A youth of this fraternity,—one who lives nobody knows where,—and who has always cash in his pockets *nobody can tell how*,—having obtained admission into the house of an eminent barrister, while the servants were from home,—found nothing that he could lay his hands on, but two suits of old cloaths. These he determined to carry off rather than return empty handed, but in decamping met with the gentleman himself, who asked him very innocently, "to whom the apparel belonged, and whither he was going with it;" "What! your honor, don't you know me," cried the fellow, "I am a dyer and scourer and have the honor to work for the family, and your servants have sent these cloaths to be cleaned." "Have they," cried the honest counsellor, "then you shall have my new gown with you, as I have been so unlucky as to stain it with a few drops of oil." The gown was accordingly produced, and the scourer assured him that when he returned it, he should not see a spot on it. Here the fellow spoke the truth, for though it was not his intention to return with the gown, he was unluckily stopped with it, and on his examination it was remarked that the man had wit and impudence enough to commence counsel himself, and that having obtained a gown, he wanted only a lawyer's wig to qualify him completely for the bar.

ANECDOTE.

THE marshal de—took possession of the government of—. The Jews came to salute him; he would not at first receive them. "I cannot," said he, "see them without horror; they have betrayed my master." He was informed that they had brought him a present of four hundred pistoles. "Alas!" said he, "poor men, when they betrayed my master, they did not know him."

POETRY.

FOR THE HIVE.

Messrs. McDOWELL & GREAR,

On perusing, in the two last numbers of the HIVE, an Enigmatical List and Solution, the following thoughts occurred, which are submitted, for publicity, through the same medium, by A Stranger.

SEE from the Hive a swarm of beauties flies,
That Lancaster abundantly supplies;
Blooming as May, and ruddy as the morn,
With all the graces that the fair adorn.
'Tis true those names, that on the list appear,
Deserve our praise, and merit every care:—
But shall our rugged sex, themselves to please,
Expose to public view such names as these?
There virtue, honor, beauty, intervene,
And maiden modesty reviews the scene:—
Beholds her name upon a public list,
To solve a riddle of th' Enigmast;
Whose sportive fancy, courting self-applause,
Bursts all the bounds that modest beauty draws:
To exercise his skill, even female charms,
That the rough heart of Sampson could disarm—
(He who his thousands slew, with ass's jaw,
When fair Philistine Dablah he saw,
He lov'd, she conquer'd; the ill-fated shears
Despoil'd the strength of all his manly years.)
Even female charms, that dar'd such mighty deeds,
Within thy breast in vain for pity pleads.
Harder than Sampson's is thy heart of stone—
If heart thou hast, be speedy to atone;
For all the means, within thy pow'r to give,
Are due, the daring mischief to relieve.
'Twas thine to expose the names to public view,
Then be it thine the remedy to shew:
Snatch one, at least, and hide it in thine own,
And let Hymenial rites thy daring deed atone.

FOR THE HIVE.

LOVE SONNET.

TO the charms of ELIZA I sing:
To her beauty re-echo's my lyre:
She's gay as the blythe-blooming spring,
And her virtues those stanzas inspire!
Her manners, refin'd by no art,
Are simple, urbane, and sincere;
Fair innocence dwells in the heart,
Which to me, of all others, is dear!
The flowers that embellish the vale,
(Where at even sequester'd I rove)
Whose fragrance doth sport on the gale
Can't compare with the girl whom I love.
The rose with the daisy may vie,
Which, in beauty, most charms can display;
To all, but my girl, I deny
The tribute of this artless lay.
The sight of the fair-verdur'd plain
May enamor the Botanist's eye;
Or the Coxcomb, in flattering strain,
Feigning love, may oft mock the deep sigh!
But the kindness, of her I call fair,
More genuine pleasure will prove,
When Hymen, the foe to all care
Shall unite me to her whom I love!!!
I anticipate cheerly the time—
The happy connubial kiss:
What happiness more sublime,
Than wedlock's unsullied bliss.

January 21, 1835.

PHILOMEL.

AMUSING.

THE APPARITION.

IN the vicinity of Chamberry, a town in Savoy, stood the ancient mansion of the Albertini; round it were several little buildings, in which were deposited the cattle, poultry, &c. &c. belonging to the family. A young gentleman, by name Barbarosse, came to the Chateau on a visit for a few days: He was cordially received, being of a pleasing, lively disposition; and an elegant room in the east wing was prepared for his accommodation.

The family and their young guest spent the day very agreeably, and after supper they sat round a comfortable large fire, and diverted themselves with songs and stories; the former, as is generally the case, were some of the sprightly, some of the tender and pathetic kind; but the latter were for the most part, of the melancholy cast, particularly those which related to praternatural occurrences. The social party separated at half past twelve o'clock, and Barbarosse retired to his chamber. It was a handsome room, on the first floor having three doors; two of those belonged to two little closets, one on the right that overlooked a farm yard; and another more to the left that presented a view through the window of a large romantic wood; the third door was that by which he entered his room after traversing a long passage. Our youth had visited this room in the morning and looked out of the window to enjoy the prospect for a great while.

As he entered his apartment with his mind full of the diversion just left, he set his candle down upon the table, and looked about him; there was an excellent fire in the chimney, with an iron grating before it to prevent accidents; a large elbow chair stood near it; and not being at all sleepy he sat down reflecting on the amusements of the day, and endeavoring to remember the tales he had heard. In some he thought he perceived strong traits of truth; and in others he discovered palpable fiction and absurdity. Whilst he was deliberating upon the various incidents the heavy watch bell tolled two; but Barbarosse did not attend to it, being deeply engaged in his contemplation. He was suddenly awaked from his reveries by an uncommon rustling sound issuing from the closet on the right hand; and listening attentively, he heard distinct taps upon the door at short intervals.

Alarmed at the circumstance, he walked slowly to his bed side, and drew forth his pocket pistols from under the pillow; these he carefully placed upon the table, and resumed the elbow chair. All was again still as death; and naught but the winds, which whistled round the watch tower and the adjacent buildings could be heard.

Barbarosse looked towards the door of the closet, which he then, and not until then, perceived, was not shut, but found that it hung upon the jar; immediately a furious blast forced it wide open; the taper burnt blue, and the fire seemed almost extinct.

Barbarosse arose, put forth a silent hasty ejaculation of prayer, and sat down again; again he heard the noise! He started up, seized the pistols, and stood motionless; whilst large cold drops of dew hung down upon his face. Still his heart continued firm, and he grew more composed, when the rustling and taps were renewed! Barbarosse desperately invoked the protection of Heaven, cocked one of the pistols, and was about to rush into the protentious apartment, when the noise increased, and drew nearer; a loud peal of thunder, that seemed to rend the firmament shook violently the solid battlements of the watch tower, the deep toned bell tolled three, and its hollow sound long vibrated on the ear of Barbarosse with fainter and fainter murmurs; when a tremendous cry thrilled him with terror and dismay; and, lo! the long dreaded spectre stalked into the middle of the room; and Barbarosse, overcome with surprise and astonishment at the unexpected apparition, sunk down convulsed in his chair.

The phantom was armed *de cap en pied*, and clad in a black garment. On his crest a black plume waved majestically, and instead of a glove or any other sort of lady's favor, he wore a bloodred token. He bore no weapon of offence in his hand, but a gloomy shield made of the feathers of some kind of bird was cast over each shoulder. He was booted and spurred; and looking upon Barbarosse with ardent eyes, raised his feathery arms, and struck them vehemently against his sides, making at the same time the most vociferous noise!

"Then it was that Barbarosse found, says my phlegmatic author, that he had not shut down the window in the morning; from which neglect it happened, that a BLACK GAME COCK had flown into the closet, and created all this inexpressible confusion."

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